



THE MERRY THRUSH'S SONG.

By Lucy Larcom.

There is a merry brown thrush sitting up in the tree,
 "He's singing to me! He's singing to me!"
 And what does he say, little girl, little boy!
 "O, the world's running over with joy!
 Don't you hear! Don't you see!
 Hush! Look! In my tree
 I'm as happy as happy can be!"

And the brown thrush keeps singing, "A nest do you see,
 And five eggs hid by me in the juniper tree;
 Don't meddle! don't touch! little girl, little boy,
 Or the world will lose some of its joy!
 Now I'm glad! now I'm free!
 And I always shall be,
 If you never bring sorrow to me."

So the merry brown thrush sings away in the tree,
 To you and to me, to you and to me;
 And he sings all the day, little girl, little boy,
 "O, the world's running over with joy!
 But long it won't be,
 Don't you know; don't you see;
 Unless we are as good as can be!"

LA TOUR D'Auvergne.

"THE BRAVEST OF THE BRAVE."

UNTIL the year 1814 there was a touching and beautiful custom to be witnessed in a certain regiment of French Grenadiers, and which was meant to commemorate the heroism of a departed comrade. When the companies assembled for parade, and the rolls were called, there was one name to which its owner could not answer. It was that of La Tour d'Auvergne. When it was called, the oldest sergeant stepped a pace forward, and, raising his hand to his cap, said proudly, "Died on the field of honor." For fourteen years this custom was continued, and only ceased when the restored Bourbons, to please their foreign masters, forbade everything that was calculated to preserve the spirit of the soldiers of France.

La Tour d'Auvergne was not unworthy in life the honor thus paid him after his death. He was educated for the army, entered in 1768, and in 1781 served under the Duke de Crillon at the siege of Port Mahon. He served always with distinction, but constantly refused promotion, saying that he was only fit for the command of a company of grenadiers; but finally, the various grenadier companies being united, he found himself in command of a body of 8,000 men, while retaining only the rank of captain. But it is of one particular exploit of his that I wish to write, more than of his career in general.

When he was over forty years old he went on a visit to a friend not far from a section of country that was soon to become the scene of

a bloody campaign. While there, he was busy acquainting himself with the features of the country, thinking it not unlikely that this knowledge might be of use to him some day; and the brave grenadier was presently astonished to learn that the war had been rapidly shifted to this quarter, and that a regiment of Austrians were pushing on to occupy a narrow pass about ten miles from where he was staying, and the possession of which would give them an opportunity to prevent an important movement of the French which was then on foot. They hoped to surprise this post, and were moving so rapidly upon it that they were not more than two hours distant from the place where he was staying, and which they would have to pass in their march.

It matters not how he heard the news. It is sufficient to say that he determined at once to act upon it. He had no idea of being captured by the enemy in their advance, and he at once set off for the pass. He knew that the pass was defended by a stout tower and a garrison of thirty men, and he hoped to be able to warn the men of their danger. He hastened on, and, arriving there, found the tower in perfect condition. It had just been vacated by the garrison, who heard of the approach of the Austrians, and had been seized by panic thereat, and had fled, leaving even their arms, consisting of thirty excellent muskets.

La Tour d'Auvergne gnashed his teeth with rage as he discovered this. Searching in the building, he found several boxes of ammunition which the cowards had not destroyed. For a moment he was in despair, and then, with a grim smile, he began to fasten the main door, and pile against it such articles as he could find. When he had done this he loaded all the guns he could find, and placed them, together with a good supply of ammunition, near the loopholes that commanded the road by which the enemy must advance. Then he ate heartily of the provisions he had brought with him, and sat down to wait. He had absolutely formed the heroic resolution to defend the tower alone against the enemy.

There were some things in his favor in such an undertaking. The pass was steep and narrow, and the enemy's troops could enter it only in double files, and in doing this would be fully exposed to the fire from the tower. The original garrison of thirty men could easily have held it against a division, and now one man was about to attempt to hold it against a regiment.

It was dark when La Tour d'Auvergne reached the tower, and he had to wait some time for the enemy. They were longer in coming than he had expected, and for a while he was tempted to believe they had abandoned the expedition. About midnight, however, his practised ear caught the distant tramp of feet. Every moment the sound came nearer, and at last he heard them entering the defile. Immediately he discharged a couple of muskets into the darkness to let them know that he knew of their presence and intentions, and he heard the quick short commands of the officers, and from the sounds, he supposed

the troops were retiring from the pass. Until morning he was undisturbed. The Austrian commander, feeling sure that the garrison had been informed of his movements, and was prepared to receive him, saw that he could not surprise the post, as he hoped to do, and deemed it prudent to wait until daylight before making the attack.

At sunrise he summoned the garrison to surrender. A grenadier answered the summons.

"Say to your commander," he said in reply to the messenger, "that the garrison will defend this post to the last extremity."

The officer who had borne the flag of truce retired, and in about ten minutes, a piece of artillery was brought into the pass, and opened on the tower. But to effect this, the piece had to be placed directly in front of the tower, and in easy musket range of it. They had scarcely gotten the gun in position, when a rapid fire was opened on it from the tower, and continued with such marked effect that the piece was withdrawn, after the second discharge, with a loss of five men.

This was a bad beginning; so, half an hour after the gun was withdrawn, the Austrian colonel ordered an assault. As the troops entered the defile they were received with a rapid and accurate fire, so that when they had passed over half the distance they had to traverse, they had lost fifteen men. Disheartened by this, they returned to the mouth of the defile.

Three more assaults were repulsed in this manner, and the enemy by sunset had lost forty-five men, of whom ten were killed.

The firing from the tower had been rapid and accurate, but the Austrian commander had noticed this peculiarity about it—every shot seemed to come from the same place. For a while this perplexed him; but at last he came to the conclusion that there were a number of loopholes close together in the tower, so constructed as to command the ravine perfectly.

At sunset the last assault was made and repulsed, and at dark the Austrian commander sent a second summons to the garrison. This time the answer was favorable. The garrison offered to surrender at sunrise the next morning if allowed to march out with their arms, and return to the French army unmolested. After some hesitation, the terms were accepted.

Meanwhile La Tour d'Auvergne had passed an anxious day in the tower. He had opened the fight with an armament of thirty loaded muskets, but had not been able to discharge them all. He had fired with amazing rapidity, and with surprising accuracy; for it was well known in the army that he never throw away a shot. He had determined to stand to his post, until he had accomplished his end, which was to hold the place twenty-four hours, in order to give the French army time to complete its manoeuvre. After that he knew the pass would be of no consequence to the enemy. When the demand for a surrender came to him after the last assault, he consented to it upon the conditions named.

The next day, at sunrise, the Austrian troops lined the pass in two files, extending from the mouth to the tower, leaving a place between them for the garrison to pass out.

The heavy door of the tower opened slowly, and in a few minutes a bronzed and scarred grenadier, literally loaded down with muskets, came out and passed down the lines of troops. He walked with difficulty under his heavy load, but there was a proud and satisfied look on his face.

To the surprise of the Austrians no one followed him from the tower. In astonishment, the Austrian colonel rode up to him and asked in French why the garrison did not come.

"I am the garrison, colonel," said the soldier, proudly.

"What!" exclaimed the colonel, "do you mean to tell me that you alone have held that tower against me?"

"I have had that honor, colonel," was the reply.

"What possessed you to make such an attempt, grenadier?"

"The honor of France was at stake."

The colonel gazed at him for a moment with undisguised admiration. Then raising his cap, he said warmly—

"Grenadier, I salute you. You have proved yourself to-day the bravest of the brave."

The officer caused all the arms which La Tour d'Auvergne could not carry to be collected, and sent them all with the grenadier into the French lines, together with a note relating the whole affair. When the knowledge of it came to the ears of Napoleon, he offered to promote La Tour d'Auvergne; but the latter declined to accept the promotion, saying that he preferred to remain where he was.

The brave soldier met his death in an action at Ouerhausen, in Bavaria, in June, 1800, and the simple but expressive scene at roll call in his regiment was commenced and continued by the express command of the Emperor himself.

WITCHCRAFT.

[From Harper's Weekly.]

THE belief in witchcraft so prevalent during the Middle Ages illustrates with terrible force the influence that a fanatical delusion can exercise over the minds of human beings. And it also shows how little reliance can be placed on the testimony of any number of witnesses in times of great popular excitement, when multitudes will be found to honestly believe in alleged facts which have no other foundation than their own excited imaginations. The absurd superstition concerning witchcraft prevailed as late as the beginning of the seventeenth century. The power it exercised over the popular mind is almost incredible. If any one felt an unaccountable illness in any part of his body, or suffered any misfortune in his family affairs; or if a storm arose and caused any damage by sea or land; if cattle died suddenly, or, in short, if any event or circumstance occurred out of the routine of daily experience, the cause assigned was witchcraft. Not only the common people were victims of this delusion; the educated portions of the community were also believers in it.

The witches were usually women who were supposed to have fallen under the power of the devil, who had appeared to them in the form of a lover, and won them to his service by the exercise of his arts. A bargain was supposed to have been made, usually in writing, and signed in the witches' own blood. She was then re-baptized, receiving a new name, required to trample on the cross, renouncing Christianity and belief in God in a formula parodied from the renunciation of the devil in the ceremony of Christian baptism. A mark was then impressed on some part of her body, which remained forever after insensible, and was one of the means of discovery employed by the witch-finders. The witch thus became entirely the servant of her master the devil, and his assistant in the work dearest to his heart—that of winning back souls that had been redeemed from his dominion by Christ. In this way the persecution of witches gained additional vehemence from the heat of religious fervor. To the witch was given power to work all manner of mischief, to raise storms, blast crops, inflict racking pains on an enemy, and cause men and women to pine away in sickness. If a witch attempted to do good the devil was enraged, and chastised her. They were powerless also to serve their own interests in any way, and always remained wretched and miserable.

A prominent feature in witchcraft was the belief in meetings held horseshoes were found tightly nailed to her hands. On examina-

at night by witches and devils, called the Witches' Sabbaths. First anointing her feet and shoulders with a salve made from the fat of murdered and unbaptized children, the witch mounted a broomstick, distaff, rake, or something of the same nature, and making her exit by the chimney, rode through the air to the place of rendezvous. If her own particular demon lover came to fetch her, he sat on the staff before, and she behind him, or he came in the shape of a goat, and carried her off on his back. At the place of assembly, the archdevil, in the shape of a large goat with a black human countenance, sat on a high chair, and the witches and demons paid homage to him by kneeling before him and kissing his feet. The feast was lighted up with torches, all kindled at a light burning between the horns of the great goat. Among the viands there was no bread or salt, and they drank out of ox hoofs and horses' skulls. After eating and drinking they danced to music played on a bagpipe with a horse's head for a bag and a cat's tail for a chanter. In dancing they turned their backs toward one another. Between the dances they related to one another what mischief they had done, and planned more. At the close of the revel the great goat burned himself into ashes, which were given to the witches to raise storms with.

Some of the stories told of the mischief done by witches would be very amusing if it were not for the horrible torture and bloodshed that nearly always ensued to the unfortunate persons suspected. The following story comes from Scotland:

A blacksmith of Sarrowfoot had two apprentices, brothers; both were steady lads, and, when bound to him, fine healthy fellows. After a few months, however, the younger of the two began to grow pale and thin, and show signs of declining health. The elder brother questioned him, and he confessed that he had fallen in love with his master's wife, who was a witch, though no one suspected it, and through her ill usage he should soon be brought to the grave. In an agony of tears he sobbed out that every night she came to his bedside, and threw a bridle over him, and changed him into a horse. Then seated on his back, she urged him on for miles and miles over wild moors to the rendezvous where she and her vile companions held their hideous feasts. There he was compelled to remain until morning, when she rode him home. Thus his nights were passed, and he complained that her treatment of him was rapidly killing him. That night his brother took his place. At the usual time the lady came, bridle in hand, and flung it over the elder brother's head. He was immediately changed into a fine hunting horse. The lady mounted him and started for the trysting-place, which on this occasion happened to be the cellar of a neighboring laird. While she and her companions were regaling themselves with claret and sack, the hunter was left in a spare stall in the stable. By rubbing his head against the wall he finally loosened the bridle and succeeded in getting it off, upon which he immediately recovered his human form. Holding the magic bridle in his hand, he waited quietly until the witch appeared, then flung it dextrously over her head, when lo! she was changed into a fine gray mare. He mounted her, and dashed off over ditch and hedge, until he suddenly perceived that she had lost a shoe. He then took her to a blacksmith, had the missing shoe replaced, and a new one put on the other forefoot. Then he rode her up and down a plowed field until she was nearly worn out, and quietly took her home and pulled off the bridle just before her husband awoke. The honest blacksmith arose, utterly ignorant of what had been going on; but his wife complained of being very ill, almost dying. The doctor was sent for. When he came he wished to feel the patient's pulse, but she refused to show her hands. Æsculapius was perplexed; but the husband, vexed by her obstinacy, pulled off the bedclothes, and the

tion her sides were found to be raw and bruised by the kicks given her by the apprentice boy during his ride. The brothers now came forward and told their story. On the following day the witch was tried by the magistrates of Selkirk and condemned to be burned to death on a stone at Bullsheugn, a sentence which was promptly carried into effect. It is added that the boy was at last restored to health by eating butter made from the milk of cows fed in church-yards, a sovereign remedy for consumption brought on by being witch-ridden.

Germany was the first country to become aroused to the folly of this popular delusion concerning witchcraft, and to protest against the atrocities which it occasioned. A crusade against it was headed by a physician named Weier, who demonstrated the absurdity and impossibility of the prevalent notions as early as the middle of the sixteenth century. But so great was the difficulty of uprooting the stupid superstition that persons were executed for witchcraft in Switzerland as late as 1782. The laws against it were not repealed in England until 1786. The common people in some parts of Great Britain still believe in the power of witches, and in 1863 a reputed wizard was drowned in a pond at the village of Hedingham, in Essex.

A BATH IN THE DEAD SEA.

MR. C. A. KINGSBURY writes as follows in *Forest and Stream* of a bath in the Dead Sea:—"Reaching at last this most remarkable of all the seas and lakes on our globe, we prepare to take a bath—and such a bath I can hardly expect ever to take again. I had previously bathed in numerous seas, lakes, and rivers, but never did I enjoy such a bath as this. The specific gravity of the water is such from its holding in solution so large a proportion of salt (26½ per cent) that one floats upon the surface like a cork. At the time there was only a gentle ripple upon the sea, and being a good swimmer I at once struck out into the deep water. I soon found that I could not only swim and float with wonderful ease, but that I could actually walk in the water, sinking only to the armpits. Discovering this fact, I made for the shore, and taking Dr. C., one of our party who could not swim, by the hand, led him into the sea where the water was many fathoms deep. At first he was quite reluctant to follow me, but he soon gained confidence finding, there was no danger of sinking, and enjoying the novel bath as much as if he had been an expert swimmer. Should the bather allow the water to get into eyes or mouth he would suffer considerable abatement in his enjoyment on account of its extremely salt, bitter, and irritating nature. No fish can live in this sea; but various kinds of ducks abound here at certain seasons of the year. The water was as clear as ordinary water, its temperature was agreeable, and it has an oily feeling, and altogether its action on the surface of the body was such as to develop those pleasurable sensations pertaining to the sense of touch, accompanied by the most delightful exhilaration. Of all the baths in the world, give me a bath in the Dead Sea."

HIS FIRST RIDE IN THE CARS.

MR. SAMUEL HOLCRAFT, a resident of Dickinson, Iowa, a few days ago decided to ride for the first time in his life on a railroad. He had lived within eight miles of a station on the Burlington line, but had never before felt like taking the risk. He sent to the superintendent of the division, asking which was the safest train, and was mischievously advised to take a fast express. On the appointed day, Mr. Holcraft was escorted to the station by a band of music and a procession of villagers in grotesque costumes. His excursion was unattended by accident, although the nervous excitement made him ill afterward.

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WASHINGTON, AUGUST 15, 1875.

OUR subscribers who have received *unsigned* receipts as reminders of the expiration of their subscriptions, will please attend to them.

We are indebted to Mr. Thomas Brown, of West Henniker, N. H., the President of the late Clerc Monument Association, for a number of items for the Personal column. Mr. Brown is enthusiastic over the proposed national convention to be held at Philadelphia during the Centennial celebration. He suggests that the last of August would be a good time, and thinks that the deaf-mutes of Philadelphia might perhaps take some steps that would lead to the carrying out of the idea.

ERE another number of THE SILENT WORLD is issued, the two conventions—that of the Empire State Association at Watertown, New York, and that of the Ohio Deaf-mute Alumni Association, at Columbus, Ohio, will be things of the past. Everything seems to indicate that these gatherings will be unusually interesting and profitable; the managers of both having spared no pains to make them so. We do not doubt that all who attend will have a good time. We hope something will be done at these conventions towards making arrangements for a national convention at the Centennial celebration at Philadelphia next year. The idea was broached sometime ago in *The Journal*, we believe, but nothing seems to have been done as yet. The success of this gathering will depend more than anything upon the thoroughness of the arrangements made for it, and it certainly is time that something is done if there is to be such a convention.

We cheerfully give place in our columns to the following letter which explains itself. The letter which Mr. Barrick refers to came to us on a postal card with a request to publish it and was signed "John Barrick." We had no suspicion that it was not genuine, and are sincerely sorry that we were taken in, the more so as it seems evident that the letter was destined to prevent the candidacy of Mr. Barrick for the office in question; and we hope that the correction will not be too late to prevent the accomplishment of any such object.

[CORRESPONDENCE.]

CINCINNATI, August 7, 1875.

To the Editor of THE SILENT WORLD:

I NOTICE an article in your paper dated July 15, where I had said that "I do not wish to be a candidate for the presidency of the Alumni Association," using my signature. I wish to say that the statement was false, you will oblige me greatly by rectifying this mistake in your next number.

JOHN BARRICK.

NEWS FROM BOSTON.

A SHORT time ago there was published in THE SILENT WORLD an account from a Boston paper of the consolidation of the two rival deaf-mute societies in that city. We quote from that article as follows: "It was decided that the only way to secure confidence would be to place the entire control of the finances in the hands of a board of trustees composed of prominent hearing gentlemen, and Martin Brimmer, Joseph Story, Francis Brooks, and James Sturgis, were elected trustees." Mr. E. N. Bowes was chosen president and a director of the new society. Apparently the new organization has not been a success, as the following paragraphs taken from a Boston paper show: We ask all readers to observe that the first was published August 5, and the second August 6. We are indebted to Mr. Bowes himself for the second. There may be some mistake about the first; and for Mr. Bowes' sake we hope there is, but the other is certainly authenticated, and sufficiently disgraceful. Contributions of *money, clothing, or provisions* indeed!

NEWPORT, R. I., Aug. 5, 1875. "Officer Joseph Beaum on July 15th, arrested, in this city, a deaf-mute named William Acheson upon complaint of a Boston gentleman for securing money in aid of a home for his kind in Boston. He was subsequently released, as it was believed that he was the tool of one E. N. Bowes, of Boston, and he was to be used as evidence against the latter. Both, however, got their heads together, and in some way got the subscription papers, which were evidence of their guilt, and destroyed them. Thereupon Acheson was arrested by a Boston detective and a police officer of this city, with a requisition from Gov. Lippitt and the affidavit of the requisite number of parties who had subscribed, went to Boston and brought him here to answer the charge of obtaining money under false pretences. "The New England Deaf-mute Relief Bureau" is the name of the Institution which he claimed he was employed by. There is no such place, and it appears that he has been scouring New England, under orders from Bowes, who a few days ago gave up to a Boston officer \$77.75, as his share of what Acheson collected in New Hampshire. The full amount of what was collected here was secured by Detective Chamberlain, of Boston and will be returned to the swindled parties. Acheson will have an examination before the Court of Justice to-morrow."—*Boston Herald*, August 5, 1875.

"THE New England Deaf-mute Relief Bureau has been organized at room 10, 29 Boylston street, and formed and adopted the constitution and by-laws. It has chosen E. N. Bowes president and managing agent; vice-presidents, _____, E. J. Welch, and Adam Acheson; treasurer, _____; secretary and interpreter J. B. McGann, Jr.; committee on finance, _____, Robert Crawford, and J. B. McGann, Jr. The object of the society is to assist unfortunates in obtaining employment, and also to provide destitute mutes with provisions, clothing and money in a judicious manner. Money, clothing, or provisions may be sent to Secretary J. B. McGann, Jr., room 10, 29 Boylston street, Boston. The object is commended to the favorable notice of all deaf-mutes and the benevolent public."—*Boston Herald*, August 6, 1875.

THE village trustees of Mount Clemens, Michigan, passed an ordinance requiring the clerk to verbally notify persons who encroached with their buildings upon the streets; and the clerk would like to know how he can, in strict compliance with the ordinance, warn a certain deaf and dumb man that he has violated that instrument.

ARTIFICIAL ICE.

FROZEN water has become an almost indispensable necessity in every household. As a sanitary agent, to say nothing of the luxury, no family can afford to do without ice, either in Winter or Summer. In the process of freezing, water becomes purified from the vegetable and animal matter, which it always holds in solution in greater or less quantities. Hence the peculiar excellence of melted ice, or liquid snow, which country people drink with such a relish. In New England nice old lady tea-drinkers find a special purity in the flavor of the cheering herb when boiled in snow water. It is quite possible that every drop of water now on the earth may have been congealed and thawed thousands of times, as no drop of water or any other particle of matter can ever be destroyed, only changed; now solid, now liquid, then ethereal, and back again to solid. It is quite possible, also, that each individual drop, in some of its various forms of ice, water, or air has visited every spot on the earth, and been drunk and evaporated millions of times, and in every contact with grosser matter it becomes more or less tinged with impurity. The natural ice used for domestic purposes never can be free from these impurities, whether gathered from the surface of lake or river. It is only the artificial article, condensed into solid, transparent blocks from carefully filtered water, that is absolutely pure. And these blocks of ice-diamonds, manufactured more easily than glass, are daily coming to be regarded not only as a luxury, but a necessity in every family. We repeat, this prepared, manufactured ice is infinitely better, and not much dearer than the natural ice. The curious yet simple machines for converting water into ice are manufactured on a grand scale by patentees, who occupy immense premises, and employ many hundred hands, in London. We shall not attempt to describe the process, and will only call attention of hotel-keepers, especially, to the importance of using these machines. Major Leland, of the San Francisco Palace, we have no doubt, will soon be after one that can turn out fifty tons a day of ice without a speck or stain, and which can only be compared in purity of appearance to a "diamond of the first water." The editor of a contemporary, who has witnessed the beautiful and wonderful process of condensing water into ice, says: "The magician at whose bidding we saw several tons of ice either made or in course of formation—at whose engineering manufactory a large number of gentlemen, prominent amongst whom was Sir Robert Peel, assembled recently to witness the process of ice-making—has achieved a wonderful scientific success. From one to ten tons of ice can be made in twenty-four hours, according to the size of the machine, and the spectator may actually see the large slabs of perfectly transparent ice in course of formation in the cells. At first sight it looks a clever pantomime trick to see these ice slabs being lifted, one after the other, out of the cells or narrow troughs in which they have been made, and you expect them to disappear as quickly as they have come before the vision. There they stand, however, against a smith's bench or the factory door—glacial monuments of the ingenuity of man. We have anticipated the question which everybody will naturally put as to the clearness of the ice by stating it is perfectly transparent. The highest compliment which we can pay to the clever invention is to say that the ice made at the Lambeth factory by the agency of ether is as transparent and beautiful to look at as the great cubes taken of the Neva for consumption in the palaces and mansions of St. Petersburg." We believe the cost of production is only about 7s. 6d. per ton. ON ship should go to sea without one of these ice-making machines in use.—*The Cosmopolitan*.

UMBRELLAS IN THE EAST.

ALL over the East the umbrella has been used from remote ages, though at first mainly as an emblem of royalty. But for centuries past these useful appendages have afforded shelter to all classes from the fierce storms and burning sunshine of those fervid climes. In form and size the ordinary umbrella is nearly like our own, but the material is silk, or paper beautifully painted or glazed, and thus rendered perfectly water-proof. Though not very durable, these umbrellas are light and pretty, and so very cheap—about twenty cents each—that one does not mind their wearing out occasionally. They have been made and used in China, in just the same style, for fifteen centuries, and in the neighboring countries for perhaps nearly as long a time.

The state umbrella is quite a different affair—much larger and of the richest materials. It is placed over the royal couches, thrones, and chairs quite as generally as carried in the open air. They are borne by high officers over the king and other members of the royal family wherever they go, and "umbrella holders" are recognized members of the royal household both in Burmah and Siam. One of the numerous titles of His Majesty of Siam is "Lord of the White Elephant and Supreme Owner of the Umbrella"—that is, of the umbrella of state, which it would be high treason to raise over any head but that of the king. It is of crimson or purple silk, very richly embroidered in precious stones, lined usually with white satin, inwrought with silver flowers and seed pearls in exquisite clusters, and trimmed with heavy gold fringe and costly lace. Sometimes, on great occasions, umbrellas are carried in tiers of two, three, and five, one above the other, diminishing in size toward the top, and forming a perfect pyramid; while from the rim of each umbrella depend scores of tiny gold or silver bells which, moved by the passing breeze, make sweet music, that floats upon the air like the sounds of an Æolian harp. In Burmah the king's umbrella is white, and that of the court red, while in the royal city, but elsewhere they carry gold or gilded ones; and always over the dead bodies of the nobility are placed gold umbrellas, usually the gift of the sovereign. Both in Burmah and Siam there are many state umbrellas, all of precisely the same pattern, and one or more is carried over the king's head on all occasions, whether sitting or reclining, riding or walking, at home or abroad.

The Emperor of China, who never does anything in moderation, has *twenty-four* umbrellas carried before him whenever he goes out hunting—perhaps as a protective against wild beasts. But then, as he has an equal or larger number to herald his coming on other occasions, we may conclude it is only a love of displaying his wealth or grandeur—rather an absurd display it would seem to us. The heir to the crown has ten umbrellas, and other princes and nobles five, three, two, and one respectively, according to their rank. So one may usually read the rank of a noble he sees approaching by the number and style of his umbrellas, as he discovers the rank of a mandarin, or civil officer, by the color of his buttons.—*Fannie Roper Feudge, St. Nicholas for August*.

HUNTING RATTLESNAKES.

THE *Reading (Pennsylvania) Eagle* gives an account of some rattlesnake hunters who search for these reptiles in the Blue Mountains. The hunters go in pairs always; so that if one is bitten the other can come to his relief. Their boots are very heavy and thick, and the soles are covered with rubber, so that they can move noiselessly and with safety across slippery and rocky places. At noon is the best time to catch snakes, for then is the time that they stretch themselves across the rocks to sun themselves. A rattlesnake very rarely closes its eyes, and, its power of smell is very great. They move very slowly and bite only when provoked. The men carry iron-hoops with a prong at the end. Others have an iron with a curve at the end of it, which they press down over the snake's head on the rock. They then take a pair of wooden pincers, nip the reptile in the jaws, holding them very tightly, and thus raise it and put it in a box with a wire screen over the top of it. That is the way the snakes are captured alive.

THE DUMB SPEAKING—A SUCCESSFUL SYSTEM.

THE public examination of the children in the school of the Association for the Oral Instruction of the Deaf and Dumb, at No. 12 Fitzroy square, was held on Thursday, at Seymour Hall, in Lower Seymour street, Dr. G. W. Dasent in the chair. Lord Granville was prevented from presiding by domestic affliction.

Amman, a Swiss physician, first systematized lip-reading, and instruction is widely given in this way on the Continent to the deaf and dumb. In England the ordinary mode of communication between deaf-mutes and those who converse with them is by gestures and signs, some of which are alphabetical. It is only those who have mixed much with the deaf and dumb who know how to communicate with them in this manner. The advantage of lip-reading is that it enables the deaf-mutes to understand the words of people who have no special familiarity with their ways, provided always that the speakers have not too bushy beards and mustaches. In the hopeful cases dumbness is a result of deafness, and when once the attention is trained to observe the play of the facial muscles these movements of the face can be imitated. By imitating the actions they see in speaking persons, the dumb are actually made capable of speech themselves so as to be audible and intelligible to ordinary people.

The children examined on Thursday had not attained perfection in this branch, for the school has only been open three years, and the course takes eight. Their voices wandered sometimes into strange and mournful cadences; their "r's" were usually whole syllables; but at least two pupils made every word they said clearly and distinctly understood.

The establishment of the Institution is due to conferences held in 1871 at the house of Baroness Mayer de Rothschild, who had already founded the Jews' Deaf and Dumb Home on the same system, and under the same management. There are now fifty children on the books, who all pay some amount for their education. Subscriptions are asked for in order to extend the school, make it permanent, and send out teachers.

After a few words from Mr. Van Praagh, the director of the school, the children came forward in four groups. First, those who had been from a fortnight to six months in the school, very little girls and boys, wrote letters on the black-board, and repeated them after their teacher. The next class has been a year in the school, and they wrote such words as "moon" and "thumb," and read off little sentences with an eagerness to show their acquirements, and pleasure of countenance and gesture which contrasted strangely with their halting utterances. The next group had been two and a half years in the school. They could say "copy-book" very distinctly, and on being examined knew that it was made of paper, and that it cost fourpence. They worked easy sums, enumerated the games they had played—cricket and foot-ball—and the flowers they knew. They wrote down from Mr. Van Praagh's dictation sentences which he formed by his lips without saying a word.

The fourth group of children, who had been three and a half years in school, were asked more difficult questions. One had been to Paris, and liked it very much. They talked French in Paris, she said, and so one of the boys was asked what language was spoken in Melbourne. He made an intelligent and amusing mistake by replying, "Australian," and when he was asked to what country Iceland belonged began guessing "England," "Ireland," as other quick boys do. But one of the girls knew that Iceland belonged to Denmark, and that from Denmark came the Princess Alexandra. They knew who fought the battle of Waterloo, and that Bonaparte was dead a "long time ago." They knew that

Sir John Franklin went toward the north pole, where he found ice and snow. "He is dead," said one of the boys slowly and solemnly.

Mr. Van Praagh invites visitors to come to the school any day at 3, and Dr. Dasent, in proposing a vote of thanks to Mr. Van Praagh and the assistant teachers, said that since most of us take eight or nine years to learn Latin and Greek, it was not wonderful that deaf and dumb children should take some years to learn their first language. The prizes were then presented. The children came as their names were called; shook hands with the chairman, and thanked him audibly for the books he placed in their hands.—*London Times*.

A JUMP FOR LIFE.

AN exchange relates the following incident which recently occurred in a Western town, and is one of the most remarkable example of presence of mind we have ever heard of:

A jump for life was what a man decided to take while at work on a pile-driver at the Green Bay elevator. He occupied a position away up aloft, to work the hammer, which occasionally needed attention. While in this unenviable position, a huge pile was drawn up by the machine, the hammer was up ready to drop on call, when the whole pile-driving machine began to sway. The man aloft saw that it was going over. He took in the situation at a glance. If he remained where he was, it was to risk his life in the fall with the ponderous hammer, weighing twenty-two hundred pounds, an immense oaken pile twenty or thirty feet long, and the large timbers of the machine. It all flashed through his mind in an instant, and, turning upon the ladder, he made a leap for his life landing upon the platform of the freight dock, thirty feet below. The weighty hammer went down through the dock, and the machine went over on its side, but the man was safe. His jump saved his life, and, aside from a little soreness in his back, he felt no injury, and resumed his work.

AN ALLIGATOR FOR A HOUSE DOG.

IN many parts of the Southern States men have so far conquered their antipathy toward alligators as to tame them and keep them in confinement. In this semi-domestic state the beast is said to exhibit more intelligence than would be expected from its appearance. An alligator was once the cause of a curious case being tried at New Orleans. A young lady brought an action against a neighbor for keeping an alligator in his yard, asserting that the beast was of extraordinary size and ferocity, that she had frequently had occasion to enter his premises, and that whenever compelled to do so, she was in danger of her life. The defendant, who had been arrested, being required to plead, stated that he kept the animal as a kind of house dog or night watchman, and that, unless provoked, it was quite a peaceable reptile; furthermore, that the plaintiff had been in the habit of teasing the alligator, and exciting his anger by tickling him in the ribs with a long pole, throwing brickbats at him, and on one occasion went so far as to sear his back with a red-hot iron. Upon this the defendant was discharged, while the lady was bound over to keep the peace towards the alligator and its owner.

A VENERABLE TURTLE.—In 1820 a resident of Montrose, then eighteen years old, found a turtle in the meadow, and cut upon its shell his initials and the year. For fifty-five years he has mowed the same meadow and has usually seen the same turtle, which now bears the dates of 1820, 1842, 1851 and 1875.

PERSONAL.

WE would remind our readers that we are wholly dependent upon their good nature and courtesy for the matter contained in the Personal Department. It does not take long to write and send a short item for this department, yet the shortest item about an old school-mate or friend may be of more value than all the rest of the paper to any one of our readers. We ask, therefore, that each and every one of our readers will consider himself or herself one of the editors of the Personal Column, and send any thing, no matter how little, which may be of interest.

MR. E. L. CHAPIN, a graduate of the Deaf-mute College, class of '74, has been offered and has accepted a position as teacher in the West Virginia Institution for the Deaf and Dumb.

THE Sunday service for deaf-mutes in Baltimore was conducted by Rev. Dr. Gallaudet on August 1st. Dr. Gallaudet had been to Washington to marry a deaf-mute couple, and stopped over Sunday in Baltimore on his way home.

MR. WILLARD CARPENTER, of Littleton, N. H., a graduate of the American Asylum, 1822, was drowned on the 17th of June while fishing from a bridge. The deceased was 65 years of age.

MISS BETSY CARR, of Claremont, N. H., a deaf-mute by birth, was 104 years old last December, and is said to be the oldest person in the State.

MR. THOMAS L. BROWN, one of the teachers of the Michigan Institution, is spending his vacation with his father, Mr. Thomas Brown, in New Hampshire.

MR. A. W. MANN, late a teacher in the Institution for the Deaf and Dumb, and the Blind, at Flint—he was a teacher there for eight years—has lately severed his connection with the Institution and has been licensed by Bishop McCoskey as a missionary among the deaf-mute in this State, Illinois, Ohio and Indiana. Mr. Mann has already entered upon his labors, and most successfully, too. He is thoroughly imbued with a spirit for labor, knowing as he does how urgent is the need of labor in that field. He is in the city visiting his wife's relatives and arranging for the beginning of a mission here. He will conduct religious services for the deaf-mutes of this city and vicinity in St. Mark's Church chapel next Sabbath evening.—*Grand Rapids (Mich.) Eagle*, Aug. 5, 1875.

On Thursday evening, the 29th inst., at the residence of Mrs. Collins, in Georgetown, Dr. Gallaudet united in marriage Mr. Robert S. Collins, of this city, and Miss Clara Leffler, of Baltimore, both former pupils of the Columbia Institution. It was the original intention to have had the ceremony in St. John's Church, Georgetown, on Thursday evening, the 15th instant, but the sudden death of the bride's father prevented. The ceremony last evening was attended only by relatives and intimate friends. The service was rendered in the sign-language. The Rev Dr. Atkins, pastor of St. John's Church, read the prayers as they were interpreted. The hearts of the newly married couple seemed full of joy, and their faces beamed with smiles as they received the congratulations of representatives of three generations. The bridegroom is a brother of Mr. W. R. Collins, of our editorial corps.—*Washington Star*, July 30, 1875.

AN INCH OF RAIN.

RAIN is caught and measured in such a way as to give what would have been the actual depth of water on the surface if it had not soaked in or run off. An inch of rain is of more consequence than would be generally supposed. On an acre of ground it amounts to 6,272,640 cubic inches. This gives 22,622.5 gallons of water, which would fill a cistern capable of holding 360 hog-heads. Reducing it to weight, it would amount to over 113 tons. A trough 121 feet long, 10 feet high, and 8 feet wide, inside measurement, would just contain an inch of rain from an acre of ground.

BENEFICENT EARTHQUAKES.

THE *Santa Barbara (Cal.) Republican* has the following: Many people are opposed to earthquakes, and we include ourselves among the number, but in this, as in everything else, we find some one to differ with us. This gentleman is J. P. Walker, who has a ranch near Rincon. Before our earthquakes he never had flowing water or spring of any kind; all the water it received came from the rains. After the earthquake Walker was both surprised and pleased to find a large spring flowing a good volume of soft water in this field where water had never existed before, and being on high ground he thinks of conveying it in pipes to his residence. Col. Hollister tells us of a similar occurrence on a ranch belonging to him several years ago, where a volume of water spouted to a height of nearly forty feet for several days after the earthquake, and there has been a flowing stream there ever since.

ITEMS OF INTEREST.

A Richmond (Va.) music dealer announces that he will receive Confederate money in payment for goods, and only a few days ago he sold a piece of sheet music to a lady customer for \$2,612 in that currency.

Among the remarkable productions of California is the Hogan family, of Mendocino County. The father stands six feet two inches in his stockings, one son six feet six inches, a second son six feet three and one-half inches, and a third six feet seven inches.

In the recent great storm in Switzerland, near Geneva, a man was killed by a hailstone striking him on the temple, and another had his wrist broken. An extraordinary number of small birds were killed by the hail; one person is said to have picked up 500.

A man is 1,950 times as large as a common honey-bee, and yet it is useless to try and argue the matter with the bee.

A darkey called at Owenboro, Ky., the other day, and wanted to know "Does dis postoffice keep stamped antelopes?"

Capt. Matthew Webb swam from Dover to Ramsgate not long since in 8 hours and 45 minutes the distance being computed at twenty miles. He wore no dress, and was altogether unassisted by artificial appliances.

A successor to Sam Patch has been making himself conspicuous in Shelbyville, Indiana. His name is John Berry. A few days ago he jumped from the top of the Shelbyville railroad bridge into the river a distance of seventy-five feet, for a ten-dollar purse made up among the admiring spectators. He offered for twenty dollars to make the same leap with a double back somersault, but his proposition was declined.

In Texas you can get tenderloin steak for five cents a pound, and shot for nothing.

You can travel all day in New Hampshire and not find any door-plates, but then, the kitchen doors are as white as chalk, and all the girls can bake bread.

London has another new industry. A man advertises himself as "Knocker-up and window tickler, from 3 to 7." He wakes heavy sleepers who wish to get up early. Window tickling is waking without ringing the bell, by means of a long pole, with which he taps on the window-pane.

With a most cadaverous countenance and crape on his hat, he waited at a Paris station for the coffin to be lifted out of the train; it was heavy, for it was lined with lead. And while the bystanders looked on with sympathy and wondered if it was his wife, his mother or father the well-informed police invited him into a private room, where they opened the coffin and emptied it of its load of Brussels lace.

Curran was once asked by one of his brother judges: "Do you see anything ridiculous in this wig?" "Nothing but the head," was the reply.

Times are improving in Cuba. Meat can now be had in the markets for \$1.50 a pound, and trains on the one railroad are running regularly three times a week.

Thirty-five years ago a young man pawned a blanket to a Berks County farmer for five dollars, and took Greely's advice by going West. He returned last week from California, worth a cool hundred thousand, visited the farmer and redeemed that blanket, which had been carefully put away at the time it was received.

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2 mos.	2 00	3 50	5 00	8 00	14 00
5 times	2 25	4 00	5 75	9 00	16 00
3 mos.	2 50	4 50	6 50	10 00	18 00
7 times	2 75	5 00	7 25	12 00	21 00
4 mos.	3 00	5 50	8 00	14 00	24 00
9 times	3 25	6 00	8 75	15 00	27 00
5 mos.	3 50	6 50	9 25	17 00	30 00
11 times	3 75	7 00	10 00	19 00	32 00
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